

WRESTLING

THEN & NOW

Evan Ginzburg-Editor/Publisher P.O. Box 471 Oakland Gardens Station Flushing, NY 11364



I was recently going through some old wrestling materials I've accumulated over the years and came across a yellowed clipping from the Miami News dated February 23, 1976. NWA Champ Terry Funk was facing Mike Graham at the Marine Stadium and in a Southern Title match Billy Robinson was facing Frank (not yet Bruiser Brody) Goodish.

Of even more interest to me, though, was the scribbled handwriting that I could barely make out at the top of page.

"them two are very good you and I are going to see them often on your vacation"

At first I couldn't imagine who had written this grammatically disastrous sentence, and then I realized...

My late grandfather had sent it to me after he had moved to Florida. It's one of the few momentos I have left of him.

Louis Goodman was a Russian immigrant who, like so many millions of others, came to this country at the beginning of this century looking for a better life. He worked hard, probably too hard, as a butcher. Almost to the day he died, he woke up at 5 A.M. to provide for his family, because that was what a **man** did. When I was a small boy I remember him giving my parents meat that he paid for himself. He'd hand me a dollar, stroke my hair and tell me to "put it in your piggie bank." He never had much but he **gave** with his heart.

When he died at 73 he left me his bankbook. It had eight dollars and change left in it.

One of my grandfather's few "luxuries" was wrestling. An Orthodox Jew, he observed the holy day on Saturday and **every** week when the sun went down, he'd take my mother to the Eastern Parkway Arena in Brooklyn.

"Oh, we saw all the legends," my mom told me. "Gorgeous George threw out bobby pins and the women went crazy over them. Killer Kowalski was young then...handsome...and the Nature Boy was dirty but what a wrestler! Grandpa **loved** going," she said with a smile.

And I loved him...

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Hey gang! Good to be back. I hope you realize that we're an **underdog** of sorts. Many wrestling fans are extremely young; thus a nostalgia sheet has some built in limitations in terms of building an audience. Please keep up that positive word of mouth and **don't** xerox/give this sheet away. At a buck a month, I'm sure your friends can **splurge!** Thanks so much!!!



INTERNATIONAL NOSTALGIA- GERMANY 1970'S

Germany, unlike the USA, has always presented wrestling in tournament style. Massive ordeals, these events span several days or weeks in a large town, then that's it until next year. Americans have been used from time to time, as well as the British, but the Germans too, have had their share of top stars, including many who never ventured to America. A brief spotlighting on some of the top names from a decade or two ago follows.

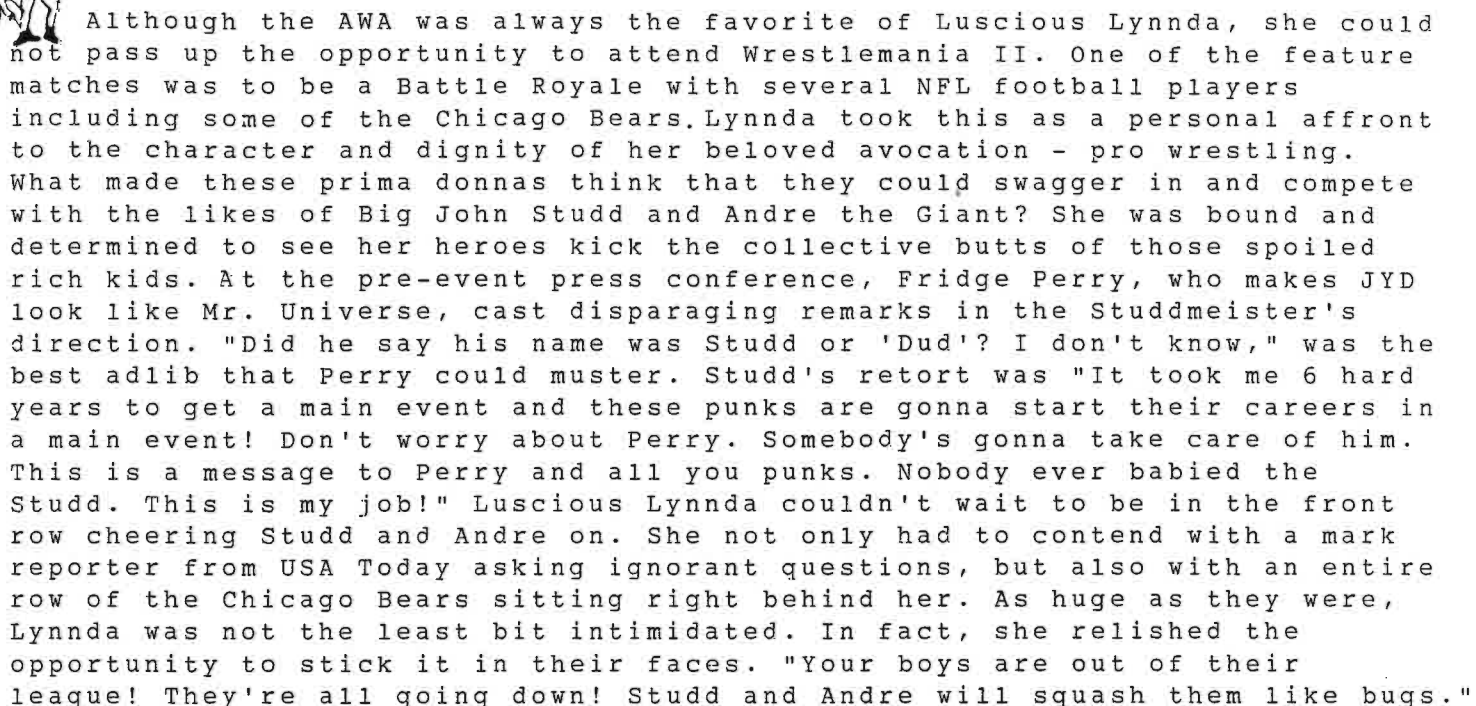
ROLAND BOCK: A stocky, balding, hairy chested man who held a "World Title" in Germany which was about as meaningful as the old ICW "World" title down in Kentucky or the old Blanchard outfit's "World Title" held by Adrian Adonis in Texas. Yet he drew 1000s of people when he made his annual title defense, usually against a top American or British name. Andre had one of his first heel bouts here against Bock, long before his turning on Hulk Hogan a decade later, the finish for their bout coming when Andre threw Bock into the ropes, the turnbuckles popped, and The Giant was disqualified for choking the bloodied Bock with these ropes. Bock somewhat resembled a balding Bruno Sammartino and was a slow, but effective wrestler.

RENE LASSARTESSE: The Nick Bockwinkle type of German. Tall, mean, and arrogant. He was German but pretended to be French and spoke the language. Came into the ring wearing a long, black cape. He looked like a vampire in wrestling trunks. He was not a chaotic, brawling heel as much as a sneaky heel, who would work scientifically, then suddenly cheat and win. Such mild things as holding trunks or having his feet on the ropes to score a pin provoked fans to riot pitch. His favorite move was a leap off the top rope a la Randy Savage or Ray Stevens. Liked to smoke a pipe prior to match.

OTTO WANZ: An Austrian who was popular in Germany, plus a brief AWA World Champion for political reasons. Wanz, like Bock, has his own "World Championship and took pride in beating various British and American challengers who came in to try to take the crown. A rolly polly type who could have conceivably crushed anyone by sitting on them, he was always a good natured fan favorite with a mighty European following, although he bombed flat in America. One could only shudder as to what public reactions would have been to him in the 1990's here, if, by 1980's standards, he was considered boring by the crowd. In Europe though, he was a real idol. Curiously, the wrestling magazines really blew it by showing photos of a Wanz vs. Bockwinkle bout in Europe, in which Verne Gagne accompanied his arch enemy to the ring as a second, and both men were roundly booed.

KING KONG KIRK: A former coal miner from England, this bald, egg-shaped heel was a popular villain for years in Germany, playing a maniac role. He was fond of coming into the ring to the song, Man With A Harmonica, off the eerie Ennio Morricone score from Once Upon A Time In The West (the same song Terry Funk used once while entering the ring for his bout with Muta, against Flair and Sting). Kirk, of course, died from a heart attack in the ring while wrestling in England against overstuffed and equally over-the-hill Big Daddy Crabtree. The British looked at him as a bad joke, but the Germans feared him with the same awe and terror the Japanese audience viewed Abdullah The Butcher. A particularly wild chair-swinging brawl against fellow Britisher Tony St. Clair really had the German public on edge.

(This article was submitted by a reader who prefers to remain **masked!**)



"Who do you think will win?", the reporter asked her. Not knowing any better, he obviously thought that it would be Perry. "Andre, who else?" was Lynnda's immediate response. She knew that McMahon would never let a football player whip his biggest meal ticket. As it turned out, Studd flipped Perry out of the ring like he was a 328 pound pancake and Studd was the spatula. Perry was already disqualified when he yanked Big John through the ropes from the floor, so Studd should have been able to continue. But guest referee Dick Butkus was obviously favoring the football players. In the end, Andre tossed the Hart Foundation out on their heads for the win, just as Lynnda predicted. "I told you, I told you! Squashed like bugs!" she taunted as she stood on her chair and faced the Bears, pointing an accusing finger in their faces. In a post-match interview, Chicago Bear Jimbo Covert gave Mean Gene Okerlund such a sob story that Lynnda almost went wild. "It's not fair! I was trying to help the Fridge when I was attacked from behind!" Well boo hoo, Jimbo. There are no penalties in wrestling for sneak attacks, and there is no ball to take home in a snit when your opponents don't let you win the big game. The USA Today reporter eventually printed many of Luscious Lynnda's quotes, but didn't give her the byline she deserved.

Lynnda also had some less than complimentary remarks regarding Cathy Lee Crosby, who was a guest announcer. Apparently, when viewed up close, Cathy Lee "has a lot of miles on her. Her face looks like a relief map of the Appalachians covered with Spackle!" She also rebuffed the advances of a chemically altered Ozzie Osbourne, the Bulldogs' guest manager. "Anybody who bites the heads off of live bats is slime! I hope the bat had its' rabies shots!" Ozzie quickly got the impression that Lynnda didn't want his autograph or anything else, and after an awful interview, he skulked back to the dressing room to re-powder his nose from the inside.

In closing, I should mention that Lynnda's father accompanied her on this occasion, since he was an avid football fan. But tonight he was out of his element. He could be heard muttering under his breath "She's not with me. I never saw her before in my life!" As usual, the event wouldn't have been the same without the participation of Luscious Lynnda. What a woman!

AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH GORGEOUS GEORGE'S WIDOW
By Dr. Paul Michael Lano

At the 2nd UWF tapings in Reseda, California on 10/11/90, were many old time greats there to watch what may be a reminder of the past. John Tolos helps book and helped obtain the building, Bruno Sammartino handles an ill-defined play by play/color role with Promoter Abrams, Lou Albano had Andre the Giant in his "Captain's Corner," etc.

Introduced to the crowd were the original Gorgeous George Wagner's wife and only son. The lights became too hot inside the small studio, so I interviewed her outside in the cool evening breeze about the man who started it all:

ML: Mrs. Wagner- It's a pleasure to talk with you for Wrestling-Then & Now. Your husband started it all from the entrance music of Pomp and Circumstance, the female valets, the bleached blond hair for heels, the throwing of gold-plated bobby pin souvenirs- what have I left out?

MRS: (I forgot to ask her first name- but I believe it's Sherri): GG was the first to build on the showmanship, and entertainment angles that Vince McMahon has bastardized today. Even though the guys knew what would happen, they kind of went at it and shot a bit- at least it felt more like sports then. We had more college guys and amateur wrestlers- everyone had to have some background- unlike all the steroid, body builder guys today. GG was the first wrestler ever in movies- he starred in a detective movie where he played a wrestler who solved crimes by day well before Mascaras and Hogan ever did it. And of course he was almost better known than the President in those days since he mastered the early invention of TV- why GG was all that was on in the later 40's- early 50's. He didn't come off as gay like Keith Franks or Adrian Street from England- but as something in between- and believe me the women loved him- so he wasn't a total heel badguy. He gave roses and the bobby pins away which cost us a small fortune...I was the only true female valet he ever had, but there were times we had others below me- so I would be the Queen Bee.

ML: What do you think of the female valets now?

MRS: Let me get a plug in here. I'm coming out of retirement in March for Fabulous Moolah's big all ladies show in Las Vegas- Lillian is going to have a final match against Johnny Mae and some other old-timers. And I'm going to put on the outfit one last time and do the valet routine. All the lady stars will be there. As for Missy Hyatt, Elizabeth and Sherri Martel- they are bad imitations of me. The last two are just floozies and that Sherri with all that scary makeup fits in good for Halloween. I didn't pretend I could interfere and fight with the guys. But when GG lost a hair vs. hair match in '62 in Canada to Whipper Watson and I had to lose my hair- it took over 7 guys to hold me down. I was told GG would get the win somehow- but when he really lost I wanted to get out of there but ended up with the hair shaving.

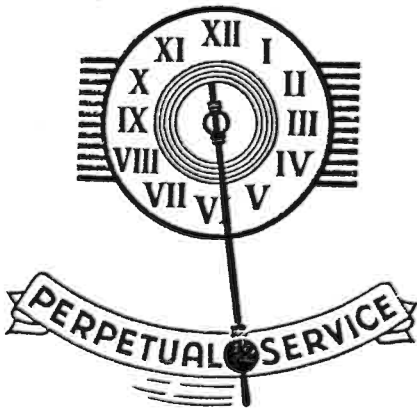
ML: I remember seeing a tape of GG losing to Destroyer at the Olympic and getting his hair shaved- was that the only other time?
 (CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)

INTERVIEW CONTINUED

MRS: Yes, I believe. He said all the years of bleaching it lighter than Ric Flair caused it to break off and become very damaged, so he wanted it shaved off so it could grow back thicker and more natural. And unfortunately he had his heart attack the next year in '63 and didn't get to enjoy it. But I hope no one forgets him- he loved all the fans so much and always had time for them. He would want you all to know that. Many of the guys like this Ultimate Warrior seem to disdain the fans. But not GG- he loved meeting with people and putting on a show better than any circus.

ML: I need to ask you a tough question- What really happened around 1974 when Mike LeBell brought in "Gorgeous George Jr." who had used that name for years in the south?

MRS: Well, I was so insulted since I hadn't discovered him before 1974- I sued he and Mike LeBell. That guy only could use the name "The Gorgeous One" and he only stayed around in wrestling for a few months after that since his stolen gimmick was gone. Mike LeBell lost a lot of money since his Daddy Cal Eaton would never have used an imposter. I think that it led to the downfall several years later of the Olympic promotion. After Mike & Gene LeBell lost all that money they chose to book themselves and pay the wrestlers even less than what they paid them before, which later resulted in disaster- with the Wolfman and Frankenstein gimmicky guys they had to push. They ended up insulting the fans one too many times and Vince Jr. was there to swoop up the town and the TV. I won't let anyone or thing disgrace the memory of my one and only love- GG. (Note- GG Jr. wrestled amateur, but never showed any interest of turning pro and really being GG, Junior!).



MEMORIAL SERVICE
FOR
GORGEIOUS GEORGE

A NATIVE OF
TEXAS

PASSED AWAY
DECEMBER 26, 1963

SERVICE HELD
UTTER MCKINLEY'S
WILSHIRE CHAPEL
DECEMBER 30, AT 12:00 NOON

OFFICIANT
MR. HARRY BLACK

MUSIC BY
UTTER MCKINLEY ORGANIST
SOLOIST-JIMMY LENNON
SOLOIST-EARLE WILKE

INTERMENT
VALHALLA MEMORIAL PARK

THE BEYOND

*It seemeth such a little way to me
Across to that strange country,
The Beyond;
And yet, not strange, for it has
grown to be
The home of those of whom I am so fond.

And so for me there is no Death;
It is but crossing, with abated breath,
A little strip of sea,
To find one's loved ones waiting
on the shore,
More beautiful, more precious
than before.*

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

A Loving Memorial

Rare historic document
reprinted courtesy Dr.
Mike Lano



PRO WRESTLING AND THE SCRIPTURES

By Vic Stanley



I was raised in a fairly devout Catholic family. Because of this, my natural instinct was to interpret wrestling as a biblical morality play. This meant that good always conquered evil, except when evil cheated. Unfortunately, my favorite wrestling show was televised while I was attending Sunday morning Mass. On the rare occasion that I could convincingly fake an illness, I relished the opportunity to cheer my heroes and vilify the rulebreakers from the comfort of my sickbed. In those days, the heroes were uncompromising in their virtue, never succumbing to the powers of temptation. In other words, they were much greater role models than even the characters of the old testament like Samson and Moses and King David, who had their moments of weakness. I could never get my father to understand the logic behind the philosophy that watching wrestling was theologically correct and actually good for me.

Every Catholic has vivid memories of attending parochial school, particularly experiences with the nuns. Although the archetypal vision of the Mother Superior is the character who terrorized the Blues Brothers, my memories are much fonder. Even though the nuns discouraged a preoccupation with wrestling, I can vividly recall the Mother Superior playfully applying a side headlock to one of the more gregarious students during recess, even to the extent of feigning a few punches to the top of his head with her free hand. I wondered where she learned to do this so skillfully. Was she perhaps a Gorgeous George fan in her schoolgirl days? As I pondered these questions, my mind drifted into scenarios of a mysterious and clandestine convent training camp ala the Monster Factory. Bizarre visions of the Fabulous Moolah in a nun's habit clutching a whip haunted me. Somehow, in a perverse way, it all made sense, since these nuns were the toughest women I knew. Although they weren't from the "ruler across the knuckles" school, we all knew not to push our luck. Many nights, I had weird dreams of tag team nun matches taking place in the church basement with the pastor, acting as referee, unable to control the action. Prior to each match, rather than a ceremonial salt ritual by Mitsu Arakawa, they performed an annotated version of the Stations of the Cross moving from corner to corner amid a cloud of incense and much murmuring in Latin. They wore great robes; even better than Ric Flair's. Robes with wings. The nuns never resorted to catfighting, but they were all rulebreakers. I now realize that the nuns were, along with TV horror hostess Vampira, the objects of my earliest adolescent fantasies.

When I finally attended my first house show, I felt like Julius Caesar overseeing the Christians being fed to the lions. The spirit of the huge crowd was the same as it was centuries ago at the Roman Coliseum. Appropriately enough, my first show was at the Chicago Amphitheatre. The obvious bloodlust stirred my more base instincts. In those days as with the Romans, the spectators were rarely disappointed with the action.

Over the years, I have developed a theory regarding the startling similarities between wrestling and the bible. As with the Good Book, there is an old testament and a new testament.

Old Testament=Pre Vince McMahon, Jr. The rules were simpler then. There was much bloodletting and ultraviolence. "Vengeance is mine! How 'bout dat!" sayeth the Crusher. After an act of treachery was perpetrated against a hero, retribution was quick, clean and sure. When the participants weren't smiting their enemies in the ring, they were begetting with rotund female fans at the corner tavern. Smiting and begetting- begetting and smiting, just like in the old testament.

VIC STANLEY'S "SCRIPTURES" CONTINUED

New Testament=Post Vince McMahon, Jr. The advent of Vince Jr. brought about a more gentle, loving philosophy. Even the heathen Ultimate Warrior turns the other cheek when slapped by the wanton Sensational Sherry. The action has become a form of cartoonish children's entertainment rather than the merciless bloodlust of old. Colorful, but not really violent. The villains are nothing more than misunderstood "good boys gone bad." There is none of the inherent evil which possessed the Pre Vince Jr. era rulebreaker. Finally, we cannot ignore the "Hulk Hogan as Messiah" syndrome that Vince has capitalized on for the last decade.

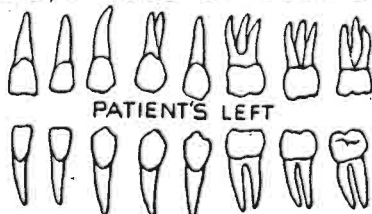
While some may consider this all to be blasphemy worthy of excommunication, I still contend that there are many parallels between the sport of wrestling and organized religion. These basic precepts are not even limited to the Judeo/Christian ethic. After all, wrestling is very popular in India and Japan. Good sportsmanship can be more effectively taught using wrestling as a vehicle, rather than televangelism, simply because more people watch it. (Shades of John Lennon's infamous "We're bigger than Jesus Christ" statement). There is not much difference between Jim Bakker and Brother Love. Neither of them believe most of what they preach.

A BETTER PRESCRIPTION- BY MIKE "THE DENTIST" LANO

Wrestling as it presents itself today as sports-entertainment, and not pure wrestling, should look to Madonna for recreating the McMadman era of media blitz ('85). Madonna has basically ripped off soft-core porn movie Henry and June in her 10 minute porn video. The plot and story line are almost the same and I'm surprised the press hasn't picked up on Madonna's calculated ripoff. What she had done again is create just the right mood, enthusiasm and frenzy for both her new best of album and video. Perhaps if Titan or especially WCW promised to show Ric Flair boffing some women in controversial fashion as part of the PPV package- they could milk the same successful formula that has made Madonna the wealthiest female performer ever.

On the subject of Milli Vanilli's lipsynching, I think we can all agree that the current state of Titan and WCW is not unlike this relatively newly published reality--I mean the performers we've got pretty much are carried by the jobber or appointment, hardly go thru the motions of a true 70's or 80's match, and apply few fundamental holds or even know how to make matwork interesting. Titan fans pay to simply see the entrances and pop for the music-just being in the same building with the "stars" is enough for their dough. I salute N.Y. and other East Coast states who will fine Madonna, Vanilli, Janet Jackson or "any performer" who doesn't deliver a true, real live performance. So, put up or shut up Hellwig and Hogan. At least Hogan can put on a semblance of a match such as the Hansen Japan affair.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Dr. Mike asked me to clarify a mistake I made on his Reader Profile last issue. Mike ran the Tolos Bros. Fan Club on his own- not for John Arezzi- presently the host of N.Y.'s Spotlight On Wrestling radio show; 1240 AM (WBAB) Sundays 10 AM to Noon. Mike was at the same time the journalistic Vice Pres. of Arezzi's great King of Men fan club for Blassie which ran the same length of time. He is unofficial dentist for WCW and UWF and Global- just pretty much volunteering to do all their boys work for free. The "wrestling dentist" recommends you try Dr. Kay Fabe's Wrestling line at 1-900-990-6676 (95¢ a minute). Lots of fun. Thrilled to have Mike on WT&N staff)



RODLINES BY RODNEY LEIGHTON- A MASS OF CONFUSION



In 1958, I went to the neighbours to play and found them glued to their television set, watching Whipper Billy Watson beating up some bad guy. I became an instant fan. A couple of years later, we got our own set and, while getting extremely excited at the wrestling action, found myself laughed at by my father and being told "It's all fake". Well, even at 11 years of age, I knew my father had some problems; but, after all, he was my dad. How could anything so enthralling be fake? A little later, I noticed that father would pretend not to watch but was actually watching; even getting excited; but would laugh like hell at weird spots; normally when the hero was getting the snot beat out of him. Hard thing for a 13 year old to understand. Many years later, I finally understood that, due to his own insecurities, my father did everything in his power to create a vast insecurity and a tremendous inferiority complex in his eldest son. He did a good job. At 42, it is not gone, by any means.

At about the age of 17, I got to go to a live card. Great stuff. I was a "real fan"--or an "adult mark"; if you prefer. At the time I fully believed wrestling was real. I was, I believe, 21 years old. Five or six years later, I was at my customary front row ringside when a guy threw a blow which obviously missed by a good two feet. His opponent went down as though pole axed and was pinned. Huh?? What the hell is this? This was in the '70's; such stuff wasn't as prevalent as today. The first niggling doubt appeared. And, from my front row seat, I began to notice more things, and eventually became convinced the damned stuff **was** faked. I hated it; wrestling in general; wrestling people. I stayed away for about 7 years. Then, because, really, wrestling is a psychological release--go to a show and curse out your father or boss, in the form of a bad guy--I started going to matches again. Wasn't as interesting. Then, one day, I discovered a newsletter--more a bulletin--called Canadian Championship Wrestling. Sort of a "tweener." I started doing some writing for it. With the help of the editor and some writers, I became somewhat "smart". And then, I discovered the world of the small press; and the vast array of wrestling newsletters. Dave Meltzer gets the thanks or the blame, depending upon your point of view. I got a bit more educated, thanks to various people. There are still aspects I don't understand. At less than half my age, Wade Keller knows a lot more about the workings of pro wrestling than I do. But, sometimes I think Wade was born "smart".

I became a fan of newsletters; an admirer of newsletter editors and, even more of a wrestling fan. I found that my "inside" knowledge enabled me to appreciate the good stuff even more. Of course, it also created a distaste for the bad stuff. And, eventually, I became a writer for some; a friend of some; and an admirer of some.

In the past few months, things have started getting confusing again. Every time I turn around, I hear of somebody with marital problems; seemingly related to wrestling and or the sheets...What is the cause of this I wonder? And then, I see that editors spend countless hours and countless dollars on their bulletins. I sometimes admire those editors who sit through six hours of WWF tapings--but, more often, I wonder if they aren't nuts.

These days, I love to watch good wrestling--but, half the time, won't watch the WWF generic shows. Some months ago, Ole Anderson told Jeff Mullins he was crazy to travel 3,000 miles to attend a wrestling card. He was right. How can anyone justify the thousands of dollars it must cost to attend one of those "smart fans" get together and wrestling card? How can Ron Lemieux justify all the money and time he spends attending cards all over Florida? Is it that these people are ardent fans? Feel they need to do

LEIGHTON CONTINUED

this for their bulletin/readers? Does the fact that I haven't been to a live card in more than eight months and wouldn't pay to go to a WWF card if it was across the road make me a non fan? Or an unsuitable writer? Is the fact that, even if I did have the money, I wouldn't travel all the way to Chicago, not even if all my friends and enemies were to be there and the main event was a shoot between Barry Windham and Keichi Muto, make me a non-fan; a nut or an undesirable within the wrestling sheet community?

Damned if I know.

As most of you know, I recently started writing for Arena Report. Even more recently, I was ejected from the "staff" of that sheet. Anyone who wants to know why should ask Ron; I don't know. I don't really care. But, now my insecurity kicks in; and, I start to wonder if Evan--and Brian Tramel--aren't publishing my stuff out of friendship and in opposition to the wishes of their readers? What can I say? Hey, guys, don't publish me for that reason, okay?

LETTERS

I like your stories about Abdullah the Butcher. I have been watching wrestling for years and I have some old favorites: Billy Graham, Ivan Koloff, Bob Duncum, The Super Destroyer, Bruiser Brody, Crusher Blackwell, Baron Voh Rabske, Dick the Bruiser and Waldo Von Erich. Today I like Stan Hansen, Ric Flair, The Nasty Boys, The Great Kabuki, and Mean Mark.

I enjoy horror movies, science fiction and wrestling magazines. I also like horror/monster magazines.

I think your newsletter is fantastic and enjoy all your articles about old wrestlers as well as newcomers.



**BOB STOPERA
COHOES, N.Y.**

...Gary Fishman for President!!!

**JEFF OSBORNE
BOONVILLE, INDIANA**

I think you should call your publication "Wrestling- Now and Then." Love the concept (as they say in Hollywood), but, my God, get your staffers to stick to the subject! Most of 'em write about themselves, not the late, great sport of rasslin'. The only spots in Dec. 1990 issue I enjoyed were the Paul Orndorff commentary about Titan's booking and the piece about Chi. wrestling. The format of the America's title article was insane! I'll check back and see if WT&N has improved any. Until then, I'm sorry, but I just can't subscribe.

**PETER SHANDORF
MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA**

(EDITOR'S NOTE: I appreciate and respect the intelligence and diverse tastes of both my staff and my readers. I don't limit the sheet to wrestling, and certainly encourage reader profiles and reminiscences. I have never considered this a news sheet and would rather stop publishing than be bulletin #47 covering Ole Anderson's firing. However, I'm **always** open to suggestions on how to improve WT&N from my subscribers. **E.G.**)



The new year is here and Evan has a new job. In fact, this issue may be late getting out due to the difficulty Evan has been having in learning his new trade. Anyone who has ever tried to hold a full bed pan and walk at the same time will know what I'm talking about. I told him 10 times not to wear his new suit to work on the first day...I realized I had been watching wrestling too long when I got excited about Dusty's proposed return to the NWA because I miss watching his arm bleed...I would like to state my appreciation to Peter Shandorf for all the good feeling he expressed in the letter column this issue. It's feedback like that that makes doing this worthwhile...Listening to the Ultimate Warrior talk gives us a glimpse of what Kerry Von Erich would sound like on LSD...I have once again been asked by my wife to vacate the premises. I told Dan Reilly a million times to practice blading in his own house...If anyone has an apartment for me to rent, I can't offer any money, but I am willing to part with one half of my Adam Horowitz designer video collection (336 Harbor Loop-Lido Beach, NY 11561). It includes such classics as 1) The Southern Boys Greatest interviews (complete with sub-titles) 2) A compilation of JYD's greatest aerial maneuvers and 3) Exclusive footage of the lost ½ of Nikita Koloff's body wrestling as The Nightstalker...I hope everybody had a happy holiday (wait a minute! That's not funny!)...

CURFEW

Thanks to Larry Katz for having me as a guest on his Baltimore based wrestling radio show. We'll be interviewing Larry about some of his wildest on-air moments & mat memories in a future WT&N; you can travel to Wrestlemania 7 with Mr. Katz by calling 1-800-YES-TRAVEL...I enjoyed seeing the Russians on Starrcaid; great seeing something **different** for a change...Diane Devine asks that we all send a "thinking of you" type card to former mat great Ronnie Etchison who is suffering from Alzheimer's disease (5026 Faraon St.-Joseph Mo. 64508)...Nobody's ever sold moves better than James Caan in Steven King's Misery!...The Original Sheik wrestles in Philly 3/2. He reportedly had to submit proof of birth to the commission & submitted his **MEDICAID** card!...I hope to be having interviews on a **regular** basis as they seem to be a feature readers enjoy...Yes, I am fully employed once again! Thanks for all of you who asked...Also thanks to Betsey Anderson for her great help in promoting the sheet & to everyone else who has been instrumental in its success...John Anthony's social functions are building a real community feeling in NYC wrestling community...Cassette Wrestling News has had some amazing interviews of late (\$3 to Jeff Osborne; PO Box 765 Boonville, IN. 47601)...I've been watching and enjoying Twin Peaks for 2 seasons now & still have almost **no freakin' idea** what's going on!...Great talking to the prolific Vic Stanley on the phone...Thanks to Blue Ryder for printing the piece on my father in their non-wrestling zine which prints excerpts from underground, small press & micropress publications (\$15 year to Blue Ryder Press, PO box 587, Olean, NY 14760)...Back issues of WT&N always available at \$1.25 or \$1.00 when buying more than one- \$10 for entire year '90...Our fave ref Scott Dickenson still taking best bumps in biz as witnessed on tape of big Tom Robinson/Philly weekend...The only problem with being fully employed again is that I desperately miss my 3 PM nappy; I'm just not the same person without it!...Next time Hulk Hogan or some other buffoon calls themselves an "actor" when they make some imbecilic B flick, rent Geraldine Page in "The Trip To Bountiful" to see a truly **brilliant** performance...Hope '91's great for 'ya...

